

No Regrets

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Summary: A one-shot surrounding Jorge and his thoughts when he has to sacrifice himself not just for Reach, but for the fates of Six and Noble Team. Set at the end of Long Night of Solace. The pairing is JorgexFemSix. My first one-shot of JorgexSix, so please review constructively.

No Regrets

**A/N: Sorry if this is slightly short and sweet, but this is my first stab at a one-shot of Jorge and FemSix. Honestly, it's probably the best I've written so far.

>This is slightly AU, as Jorge would obviously not have the time to think about all of this before activating the bomb.
In this, Jorge doesn't exactly die. Well, I didn't specify what happened to him, in the end. So I'll just leave it to your imaginationsâ€¦ :P**

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><p>No Regrets

"And stay down," Jorge growled, kicking the body of an Elite Ultra.

>"Savannah did the number on the door, there's no way back up to the sabres," Jorge informed Six, whilst he made his way over to the Pelican.
Now came the tricky part. The plan Jorge had just thought of. The plan in which he sacrificed himself, and let Six go.

>Jorge knew the slip-space bomb was damaged. He knew the Pelican was too damaged, and that there was no way back up the sabres.
...He also knew he had failed to put on his re-entry pack. Even if he did leave the Ardent Prayer, he knew he'd die once he hit the ground of Reach; the impact would be too much. He knew either way, he'd be going down with this ship.

>"Noble Six, form up on me." Jorge requested calmly. He wasn't sure how Six would react to the news he was about to tell her. The two had grown close, after being put in several combat situations

together.
...Perhaps closer than Jorge had first expected.

>Jorge calmly strode up the slip-space bomb. Six stood behind him, looking around the ship. Jorge pressed a few buttons, then slammed his hand against the bomb in frustration. It had taken too much damage. Of course, he knew he couldn't get out...But this had just taken all chances of any hope for him.
"_Dammit_," He hissed, and looked over at Six, who had tilted her head in confusion at him. Jorge knew then, that he had to get her off the Ardent Prayer. There were no regrets here. She had to survive.

>"Well, I've got good news, and bad news," Jorge told Six calmly, walking over to her position, "This bird took some fire and her thruster gimbal is toast. Which means the only way off this slag heap is gravity."
"And the good news?" Six asked softly.

>Jorge sighed, "That was the good news." He replied quietly.
"At current velocity, fifty-three seconds to endpoint." Auntie Dot suddenly interrupted.

>"Yeah, yeah, yeah..." Jorge muttered, taking his helmet off and letting it drop to the ground. This was not the time for all the technical talk from Dot. He needed to tell Six, now.

>Six watched Jorge's helmet roll away from them, surprised that Jorge didn't seem to care. She looked back up at him, and was surprised to see his usually soft hazel eyes full of emotion and sadness.
"Bad news is, timers fired, I'm gonna have to fire it manually." Jorge explained, keeping his tone calm and strong.

>"That's a one-way trip!" Six cried, unable to believe that Jorge had just decided this.

>Jorge smiled down at Six; Aspects of her personality never failed to surprise him.
"We all make it sooner or later," Jorge replied softly. "Better get going Six, they're going to need you down there. Listen, Reach has been good to me. It's time to return the favour." He stuck his hand out, which Six took, as he pulled her closer and carried her to the edge of the Ardent Prayer.

>Jorge knew that this would be the last time he would see Six.
"Tell 'em to make it count." He told her, throwing her out of the Corvette. It was something he had not wanted to do. In a way, he felt that he needed her here, with him. But Jorge knew that Noble Team would need Six's skills more than ever, down on Reach.

Love was something Jorge had never truly felt. But what he felt for Six - He knew it must have been love. The constant butterflies in his stomach around her, the urge to keep her safe. Jorge felt so regretful for not telling Six how he had felt about her. After all, Six had always been understanding towards him.

>She had understood the compassion he had shown Sara, back at Visegrad. She understood why he felt the need to protect Reach so much, and the attachment he felt toward his home-planet.
And somehow, Jorge knew that Six would have understood what this "love" business was...

>But now was not the time for regrets. Six was safe now, and that gave Jorge hope. Hope that she would survive all of this and be happy, as she so rightfully deserved.
So he did what he had to do, and activated the slip-space bomb, for Reach, for Noble Team, and most importantly, for Noble Six. For now, there were no regrets, and he just wanted her safe.

End
file.